

Daily Eagle

M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

Captain Stanley's First Broadside.

Stanley's speeches never fail of sounding all right. His opening address of the campaign, delivered at Lawrence day before yesterday, and published in yesterday morning's Eagle, no doubt sounded fine, for it reads fine in cold type, two hundred miles away. He bore down somewhat upon the Pops, but he didn't go outside of the records for his thirteen-inch solid shots. Confronted by the records, how like Cervantes' fleet, whose ships went down one-by-one under the broadsides of Schley, sank the rotten claims of McNall, Leedy, et al., under the steady fire of Stanley. Sagasta Leedy's patriotic pretense for a Maximum Freight Rate Law, and Blanco McNall's Torpedo Insurance Destroyer were blown sky-high by the explosion of their own magazines. Their armor plates were too full of blow-holes for Stanley's bombs, and they are left punctured, holed by their own petards as it were.

McNall stole all his thunder from George T. Anthony's while all of Leedy's professed solicitude for a Maximum Freight Rate Bill was but a hypocritical bait to catch the votes of Pop grudgeons. The people of Kansas will advance Stanley a hundred points and make him an admiral. Read his speech and examine the records cited and see.

Kansas City, Omaha and the President.

Kansas City, Missouri, has always been marked for its petty jealousies and unworthy methods toward those which her envious spirit conceived as menacing in any way her self-constituted role of hog. There is not a prosperous town in Kansas that she has not belittled, hampered and otherwise wronged. Her so-called Commercial club has made it a business to resolve itself into a cave of bandits for exploiting the special interests or stealing the particular prosperous enterprises of cities and towns held to be within her "sphere of influence." St. Joseph, Atchison, Leavenworth and Lawrence may answer for the truth of this assertion. Omaha and Wichita have especially been the objects of this Missouri town's questionable and dishonest machinations, and Denver and Sioux City, though distant, have not wholly escaped her practical methods.

The Trans-Mississippi Exposition has been a red flag to the shackled bull at the Kaw's mouth, which needs nothing so much as dehorning. Being a National Exposition, in a sense, and located in the west, on the banks of the Missouri, and not at the town who stole its name from the state which it having corporately managed, has continuously politicked, bled and foraged, even to the compulsory maintaining of a fast mail in the name of and to this state's detriment, this commercial porcine has not ceased squealing since the moment that the Omaha enterprise promised to be a success. Of course, it being a National Exposition, the desire for the presence of the president of the United States is but natural, and he has been formally invited to pay the expedition a visit. This was more than the leech of the Sai Hills could endure. To embarrass the president, therefore, Kansas City, presumably the members of the cave of pirates alluded to, got up and forwarded an ostentatious telegraphic invitation to Mr. McKinley, citing that he cannot afford to come to a National Exposition without paying his respects to Kansas City, meaning, evidently, that that city would lose in prestige to permit such a thing. These fellows know that the president cannot visit all the ambitious towns of the west, especially under the great pressure to which the war and its peace arrangements are subjecting him. In so far, the pig policy of Kansas City will prevent him from attending the exposition, a thing which last winter he declared he very much desired to do, saying at the same time that he wanted to arrange it so as to also meet the Trans-Mississippi Congress, which will then be in session. The action and example of Kansas City will in all probability compel the president to decline all the invitations, including the one from Omaha.

It was hoped, sincerely, that despite the extra and multifarious duties and responsibilities which an unexpected war imposed, the president might find time to visit and meet the people of the west at Omaha, if but for a day. But he cannot come to Kansas City, St. Joseph, Denver, Topeka, and a dozen other places not originally contemplated, even, and the chances are that Kansas City will succeed, not in gaining his presence, but in defeating Omaha, which will please the wretches just as much.

Give Those Petitions Right of Way.

Ordinarily in America men feel their equality. On the streets of Kingman John Jones feels that he is as good as "Iron-Jaw Brown."

A war comes. There is a call for volunteers. "Iron-Jaw Brown," with the Lindsays, Fitches, Littles, Funstons, De Fords, rushes to Topeka and by a political pull becomes an officer, drawing as high as \$10 a day.

John Jones, actuated by patriotic motives, enlists as a private at \$12 a month.

And there all equality ends.

The Fitches, Littles, De Fords, Lindsays and "Iron-Jaw Brown" go to the front in the plush luxuriance of a Pullman.

John Jones, the private, gets the commonest kind of a day-coach. But he does not growl. He is actuated by patriotism. He will stand it.

When camp is reached the political pullers in uniforms stand under a tree and give orders.

John Jones, formerly an equal, salutes to the orders, and pulls and hauls and sweats in the erection of a tent.

At night the officers, in segregated and private tents, snore away the hours with dreams of their opulent salaries.

John Jones shoulders his gun and steps the sentry line. He does not grumble. His country is menaced. He is patriotic.

Slowly the political puller in uniform begins to feel his military oats. He becomes autocratic in his demands, peremptory in his orders, severe in his punishment.

John Jones obeys timidly. He has a horror of the guard-house. But he does not grumble. His country needs him. He can overlook the high-headedness of a fellow citizen put above him by politics.

Peace is declared. The motive of patriotism dies from John Jones' breast. His country no longer needs him. He cannot afford to be a mental to a political puller at \$13 a month. He and his companions petition to be mustered out.

The political pullers, hungry for further stipend, suppress his petitions.

This is being done today.

Leedy can stop it.

Let the boys come home, Leedy. Forget politics and be an American citizen.

The Demand for the Unhappy Partisan.

The losing partisan is one of the most unhappy men in the world. In the heat of campaign he becomes as intense as the man who is running for office.

Election night he awaits the returns breathlessly. You, a Populist, did so two years ago the coming November.

When it was certain McKinley had been elected, you were as disappointed as Bryan.

You began to hope that McKinley would have all kinds of trouble. Instead of broadly wishing the country prosperity you, a better Populist partisan, hoped McKinley's administration would be a flat, ruinous failure. You gloated when Jerry Simpson predicted a panic within a year.

You knew McKinley would have the same trouble with the gold reserve that Cleveland did. You hoped he would. He didn't.

You knew he would have to issue bonds in time of peace. You hoped he would. He didn't.

You silently prayed that McKinley would make mistakes. When he opposed war, you believed your time had come. You believed implicitly, ridiculous as it may seem now, that the money power would permit no war. McKinley was a tool of the money power. The war came. McKinley brought it on through a flat-footed ultimatum to Spain. But you were not satisfied with him. He refused to recognize the belligerency of the Cubans. Jerry Simpson refused to vote for war because McKinley did refuse. You knew now McKinley had made a mistake. You confess now that he was right.

All during the war you hoped that McKinley would take a wrong, arbitrary stand about keeping Porto Rico and the Philippines. You didn't know what he would do, but you hoped he would make a mistake. He didn't.

It is possible that in the future he will make mistakes. All men do. But quit the unhappy, miserable business of hoping he will. The normal condition of content is to rejoice in the good deeds and success of your fellow men. Hope for disaster, anticipate mistakes, borrow trouble, and you can only be miserable.

Why They Died Is No Secret.

It is death from sickness rather than from bullets that constitutes the serious side of war. This has been profoundly impressed upon the minds of the American people by the brief war with Spain. And it's the volunteer who thus succumbs rather than the regular. The reason is that the volunteer is not insured to camp life, while the regular is. If the American volunteer could go forth from his home to do battle each day and return to the rest and shelter of that home every night he could war indefinitely and the percent of fatality would be the minimum. The regiment that loses ten men in battle will in all likelihood lose several times that number from sickness incident to exposure. Having to eat, drink and sleep where they fight is the secret of the destructiveness to life of war. Only 30 per cent of the men who died were killed or subsequently died of wounds. "War is hell" in other ways than that of the death roll of "killed in action," or "died of wounds." According to a semi-official report, the late war with Spain cost in lives 232 killed, and 1,778 wounded. The roll of the dead from disease, brought on by exposure and hardships will be greater than both those numbers without doubt. Battles are not fought on review grounds, nor in clover lots, or under pleasant shade, but generally under the most trying of environments, as was that of Santiago.

No Question About It.

It would be little less than a national calamity if President McKinley should fall of having a congress in full sympathy with all that he has done and all that he hopes to accomplish. There may seem little danger at this time of such a political misalliance. Every man who has the welfare of his country at heart ought to use his utmost endeavors to prevent the election of men to congress who, in not being in sympathy with the president, would be sure to antagonize the Republican majority and otherwise embarrass the president. Many of the more important questions growing out of the war cannot be settled during the short term this winter, and it is the opinion of those best able to judge that an extra session will be called of the new congress in the spring to determine the national policy and to dispose of the problems which must arise over the acquisition of new territories.

The Meaning of the Nicaragua Canal.

England proposes, on her own motion, that the Clayton-Bulwer treaty be abandoned, and Europe grows indignant over an English friendship for America which is characterized as servile and done for the purpose of getting further into the good graces of America to the end of an Anglo-American alliance. The Nicaragua canal, under an abrogation of that treaty, would be left in the entire control of the United States, and if it did preclude the possibility of an Anglo-American war in the future, would place the United States in a position to wield a potent influence in any war which might occur in the Orient. The canal is going to be built, and America is going to control it, therefore Great Britain is wise in conceding the inevitability.

It turns out that "A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight" is an old negro melody, a strolling actor having picked the tune up from a colored mammy and found words to fit it. The only American music so far is the negro's plantation songs.

Montejo in his official report says he was not taken by surprise. But the United States was. Dewey, with his wooden ships, in an obscure station, was the biggest joke on this nation since an Illinois country lawyer decided that South Carolina couldn't leave the Union.

Cabinet-Definition: A body of advisers appointed by the president for the benefit of those Americans who want somebody to abuse, but consider the president entitled to respect.—John G. Carlisle's dictionary, latest edition.

There are many admirable points about Bryan. He deserves credit for keeping his mouth shut now when everybody else in the nation is explaining how the war should have been conducted.

After a private understanding with himself about his strength of mind, John Sherman has decided to run for governor of Ohio as the candidate of the anti-Hanna gang.

The man who forged the evidence to keep poor Drayton on Devil's Island has confessed and committed suicide. France should have a revolution and establish a republic.

Patty de Clam, Esterhazy and Boisdelle make up about the most sweet-scented gang on this mundane sphere. They are not fit to be sailors on the Burgoyne line of steamers.

Governor Leedy is sick. No one can blame him. The whole state, not so closely connected with the Little-Funston quarrel as Leedy, is feeling ill itself.

Mr. John Graham, an Indiana man, has been sued for \$5,000 damages for kissing his servant girl. He should not despair. The jury will be with him.

No one seems to have a clear idea what the English are marching into the Sudan for, unless it is for the artistic purpose of later marching out again.

Probably these little newboys whom Alger clothes and feeds each Christmas are singing out lustily: "Morning paper! Latest scandal on General Alger!"

We should have more warships. We may not need them. But let us give the poor daughters of the governors a chance to splurge at the christening.

If the czar of Russia wants the world disarmed, and this country gives assent, Dewey will take pleasure in unbuckling Von Doederick's helmet.

General Shafter is back on American soil. He won a victory, and part of the public is indignantly demanding that he explain why he did it.

The Republican party of Kansas at last has a candidate for governor whose mind works when he is standing on his feet.

The Rocky Ford melon is taking the east by storm. Like so many four-inch shells shot from the heights of the Rockies.

When the disarmament comes, France wants Germany to take off that shield—Alsatia and Lorraine.

No country needs a dose of good old-fashioned, hand-sewed horse-sense as much as France does.

Little and Funston have demonstrated that boys will be boys. But they cannot be colonias.

The Returned Photograph.

A hundred miles from Aden her majesty's troop ship Idema steamed along, bound for home.

All day the fierce sun had streamed down with blazing beams which those on board could see, and which grumbled at, according to their various dispositions. The sensation of the day had been provided by a Lascar stoker, who, rushing from the inferno of the engine room, had taken a plunge into the sea for one of the delicious plunges into coolness after enduring the torment of heat.

"Man overboard!" rang out. Engines were reversed. Ladies started from their seats in amazement. A which the men on board ship described her charming manners and face.

Whatever her character might really be, tonight more men than Captain Ashteton, who was a "fancy" and, presently the notes of a waltz rose and fell.

Among the many who circled around the officer in command, Captain Ashteton, and his partner, Miss Phyllis Welsh.

The ladies of the Devolet denied that Miss Welsh had any claim to the attention of the men on board ship described her charming manners and face.

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Outlines of Oklahoma.

How Mc of D will be missed at conventions. It takes \$1,500 a month to run the city of Guthrie.

Norman Transcript: "Off again, on again, Flynn again."

One firm at Stroud is handling \$500 worth of castor beans a day.

It must have been hard for a man who loved life as Mc of D did to die so.

Flynn and Barnes have promised each other to let the Latin language alone.

A Guthrie man advertises that he will give \$25 for the use of \$200 for one year.

It is said that McKinley, of the Guthrie land office, is "down" on Dennis Flynn.

Eighty acres of land twelve miles south-east of Guthrie brought \$300 the other day.

An anti-Republican delegate can not get stashed for Oklahoma from the next congress.

More men are killed on the railroad near Edmond than at any other place in the territory.

Several Rough Riders will run for county offices in Oklahoma this fall and not one of them will be defeated.

The Democrats should not make too much fun of Hankins. If Hankins is personally a strong man he will get a big vote.

D. S. Viera, private at Ft. Reno, got a flesh wound at target practice the other day. A ball furrowed two inches along his scalp.

If there were another war within a year the Rough Riders would keep out of it. In common with every man who went to Cuba they have had enough.

Several of the Rough Riders of Oklahoma attended the old soldier's reunion at Arkansas City the other day and mingled with the veterans of the civil war.

In order to make that compact more enduring Flynn and Barnes should spend their evenings on the front porch together. Front porch friendship is warranted to last.

Five months ago the present Rough Riders had no thought of war. Today they are back from a war battle-scarred veterans. It doesn't take much time to give a man experience in this world.

Keaton was nominated by the Virgil Hobbs crowd before 11 o'clock in the morning. Hankins was nominated at 11:30. On these grounds Hobbs claims that Keaton is the only and original middle-of-the-road Populist.

The best thing about Governor Barnes' administration has been the annual reports he makes to Washington. They are able, telling documents of which the whole territory should be and is, for the most part, proud.

The publication of Harmon's letter indicates that Keaton's managers think the Populists do not believe he is for free silver. But the Populists think that. They know Keaton is for free silver. But he will not, can not, vote for it if he is elected.

The pivotal point in the coming election is Woods county. It is a big Populist territory and Keaton is not popular there. Hankins, the middle-of-the-road nominee, is a farmer. If Woods county goes for Flynn the territory will go for him and he will be elected.

Norman Transcript: Rough Rider Wm. Bailey had a fracas with a couple of old tamala Mexicans on Monday night, and made them "hiss out." He declared they were Spaniards, and having a natural antipathy for that race, proceeded to go after them. Another party while trying to promulgate a protocol of peace, became mixed in the affair, and the whole outfit appeared before His Honor, Judge Griggs, on Tuesday, and paid a fine.

Along the Kansas Nile.

When a Kansas man wants to use a stunning argument for a thing he quotes Mark Hanna against it.

Senator Harris was invited to the platform at Stanley's opening and was cheered when he took the stage.

The Kiowa Review says that Leedy will be re-elected by 46,000 over Ross. Think of Leedy making a gain of \$2,000 over Ross.

All the eastern papers are rabidly for a severe punishment of Dr. Duncan, the Kansas man who desecrated a southern grave.

The two best men at sizing up an election were said to have been Jim Lane and Preston Plumb. Plumb invariably underestimated his strength. Lane sometimes exaggerated his, but not often.

The man who sat on a bench and kept his mouth shut, known generally as a "deep thinker," has disappeared from the world. He was in reality, asleep, and was not thinking at all.

The contract for John A. Martin's monument has been let. It will be of granite, eight feet high, and will have a life-size bronze medallion of the Kansas governor.

An angry bull knocked Ezra Elliott of Pratt county, down, gored him in the thigh once, left him unconscious and went on eating grass. It was a one-round affair, and the strange thing was that the bull realized it.

The Kansas City Star, independent, says the Lawrence meeting demonstrated that Stanley is a success as a campaign orator. The Kansas City Times, Leedyite, says his speech was a failure, but that "he was entertaining at times, and has some eloquence."

Mr. Sloan, living near Atchison, discovered that all was not proper between Mrs. Sloan and Joe Barber, her uncle. He drew a revolver on Barber, made him stand under a corner, went out into the yard, rang a bell and brought the neighbors all in to take a look at Barber.

To Kansas at least McKinley is the greatest mystery of all the presidents the state has known. If McKinley asserted that the moon was of green cheese, the people would remember the Cuban belligerency scheme and wait around confidently for time to prove McKinley right.

From a subscriber: Speaking of the Atchison case, it may not be generally known that the eyes really do the knowing, the lips merely incidentally touching. That is why a perfectly formed kiss is given on the hand or cheek. Blind people do not kiss much and do not enjoy it. Kiss a girl anywhere but on the lips and not look into her eyes at the same time, and find how joyless it is.

Kansas is gradually re-arranging herself to fit her climate. She is as far south as North Carolina and Tennessee. The Northerners on Kansas houses are growing. The women are running to light, white attire. The chunky men still dress as the Dakotas, but they will come on a Kansas dress some day. It is summer Kansas men could put on an old bed-sheet, call it a toga, and be considered sensible after the first laugh was over.

"That man McKinley beats me," said a Populist yesterday. "I was for steel and silver because I thought McKinley was against it. He came over to my side. I took a position against war, thinking McKinley was for it. He came over to my side. I was against marching straight against Havana, because I thought McKinley was for it. He came over to my side. I demanded that our ships be sent to Spain. And if McKinley didn't prepare to send 'em, I demanded that we keep the Philippines and Tlaxcala. McKinley said that if I voted the Populist ticket this fall McKinley would vote it too, just to be with me."

A private in the Twenty-second wrote: "We marched in the march parade yesterday. In the morning before it began to rain, we were stopped, and lying

Geo. Innes & Co.

FORMERLY McMANARA & CO.

That Remnant Sale

yesterday was certainly a big drawing card. Both rooms were crowded with buyers and none were disappointed. The bargains were here. There will be a few left over for today. Your choice of them at 10 per cent off the Remnant price.

New Goods

are coming in by the carload. We are marking and assorting them as fast as possible. You may always rely on us for showing only the correct styles and the latest ideas from the fashion centers.

We Want Your Trade

We Want It Bad Enough to Offer Big Inducements for It—

We do not expect to gain it by well written promises. Fact is, we are just plain business men, and don't know how to write fancy ads.

Cold Facts in Cold Type

About Dress Goods, we keep only the staple kind—the kind that don't cost a fortune; the kind that wears and holds its colors.

32-inch fast color Percales 10
Best Old Colors, Fancy Robe Prints 10
Fancy Gingham in large Plaids, suitable for school dresses and comforts 10
Silk and Wool Novelties, newest and most desirable goods. Sold everywhere at \$20.00 per yard. Best quality Table Oilcloth, 48 20
One lot of Outings, suitable for school dresses, shirts or comforts 20

About Shoes—

We are building up a big trade on GOOD SHOES at LOW PRICES. That's why we like to speak of it often. Children's Kid Shoes 15
Babies' Kid Shoes 15
Misses' Box Calf Shoes 20



Don't forget that we are cutting and slashing right and left on Clothing



We are going out of the Clothing business and will sell all of our broken stock, odd coats and vests, odd suits and odd pantaloons, at almost any price to get rid of them.

500 Blanket lined Duck Coats—no use to try to match our prices; it cannot be done. We have them from 63c to \$2.50.

We Offer the Following Specials:
Santander Completion Soap always sold at 5c a cake; our price 10
Cocacant Oil Soap 10
White Rose Soap 10
Washing Castle Soap 10

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Wichita, Kansas.



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